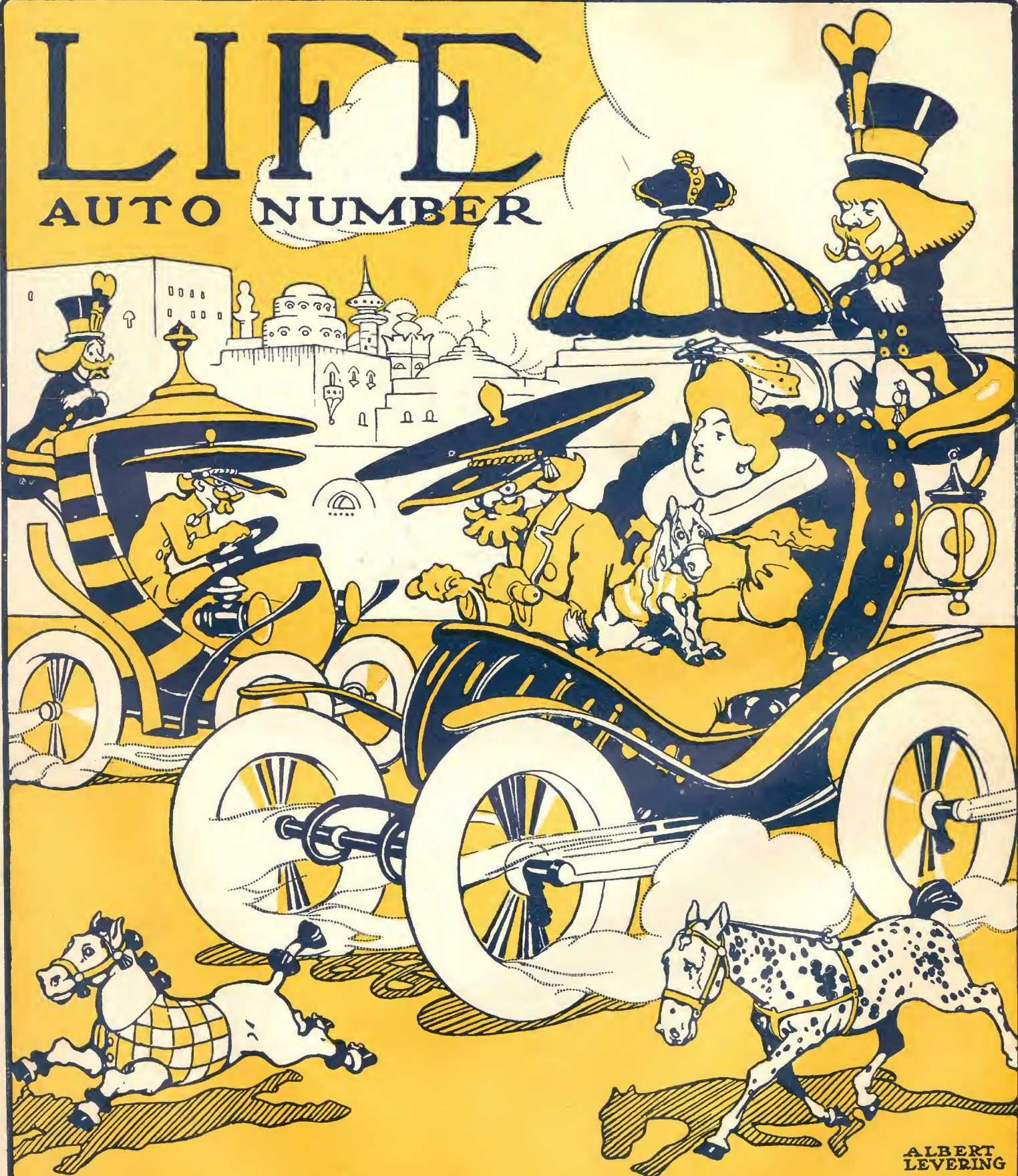


LIFE

AUTO NUMBER



IN A THOUSAND YEARS

Deauville

IMPORTED

"That
Deauville
Car"



12-16 H. P. BROUGHAM

"THAT Deauville Car," about which you hear so much, is its own best advertisement. In order to appreciate how convincingly it speaks for itself, you must visit our exhibit at the Importers Automobile Salon now being held at the Herald Square Building, Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street and see our models for 1905. They include 12-16, 16-20, 24-28, 30-35, and 45-60 H. P. cars which will be demonstrated to the complete satisfaction of the most exacting purchasers. The features embodied in these new models are, first of all, "that steel pan" which, together with our double system of ignition, (viz.) high-tension magneto and accumulator, combined with refinement of detail, strength and simplicity of construction, constitute the principal "talking points" of the most satisfactory all-round French car on the market to-day. These cars have been built for the last ten years by the Société Deauville de France, whose factory is the pride of European engineers, and, to say the least, you owe it to yourself to give "That Deauville Car" a sizing up before making your final selection. If you wish to enjoy the fine early-Spring riding, place your orders **now**.

Imported New A. 16, June 22, '02; May 15, '03.

Sole American Agent, **Standard Automobile Company**, of New York,

Licensed Importers under Sellen Patent

Salesroom:
136 West 38th Street

Garage:
1684 Broadway





Winner of The Grand Prize, World's Fair, St. Louis.

The four-cylinder Packard will run more miles without the need of adjustment and with fewer repairs than any other motor car made.

Nothing created by man has ever equaled the performance of the standard Packard car, which on August 6th to 8th ran 1,000 miles without a single motor stop at a sustained speed of over 33½ miles per hour. Instead of needing repairs the car ran better at the finish than when the trial was started.

Since the completion of the test this particular car, without the slightest attention from the factory, has had over five thousand miles of road driving with surprising trials demonstrations at Buffalo, Long Branch, Providence and Philadelphia, and proved most convincingly that not only is its design right but that the materials and methods used in its manufacture have successfully solved the motor car problem.

A finely illustrated book containing complete particulars of this test, as well as full details regarding the double side entrance Model N Car (Price \$3,500), will be promptly mailed on application.

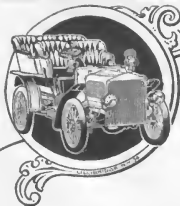
Packard Motor Car Co., Dept. G

Member of A. L. A. M. (N. Y. Branch, 1840 Broadway) DETROIT, MICH.



TO ARTISTS.

IF YOU CHANCE TO BE AN ARTIST AND A PRISON SAYS TO YOU,
"AN THOUGH IT WERE A REMEDIAL REMARK,
"I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING OF ART, BUT KNOW JUST WHAT I LIKE!"
YOU MAY ANSWER, "SO DO MURKETS IN THE PARK!"



THE WHITE STEAM CAR

WITH LIMOUSINE BODY
NO NOISE NO VIBRATION

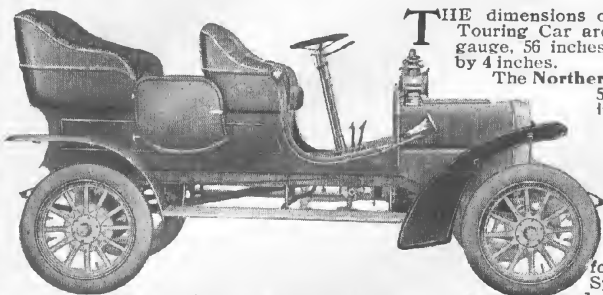
THE ideal car for shopping and for evening use. There is plenty of room. Seats six people. Four seats inside. Price \$3,200.

Send for Particulars

WHITE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio



Northern Automobiles



Northern Touring Car for 1905—Rear Entrance—\$1600
Northern Touring Car for 1905—Side Entrance—\$1700

The dimensions of the Northern 5-passenger Touring Car are: Wheel base, 100 inches, gauge, 56 inches, wheels, 30 inches, tires, 30 by 4 inches.

The Northern's motor is pair of opposed 5 1/4 x 5 1/4 inch cylinders set far in front, crosswise of chassis, making a strong and rigid frame. No vibration or strain on passengers or machine.

Engine has silent exhaust. Valve stems have cushions which muffle all sound.

Planetary speed change, two forward speeds and a reverse. Speed can be changed when under full headway without danger to gear or other parts.

Power is transmitted direct to a bevel-gear divided rear axle. The propulsion goes from driving wheel to chassis frame through the rear springs, relieving propeller from thrust and freeing drive from side and end stresses.

The Northern is peculiarly adapted to American road conditions—mechanism cannot be twisted out of alignment no matter how rough the way.

The Northern fly-wheel and fan is a uniquely good feature, not only keeps a perfect cooling draft upon the radiators but maintains a constant air current all around the engine and under the body of the vehicle, so that passengers in the tonneau do not catch the dust, no matter which way the wind blows.

Seats are roomy, handsomely upholstered in black leather. The Northern has the new side entrance for rear seat.

THE Northern Runabout has wheel base, 67 inches, gauge, 56 inches, wheels, 28 inches, tires, 28 by 3 inches.

Front axle has ball bearings rear axle has roller bearings. The latter are self-lubricating—require no adjustment.

Brake is double acting band bearing on the differential gear in rear axle, operated by foot lever.

Clutch lever can be thrown into the reverse gear while the car is in full motion, becoming emergency brake.

The Trunion body hanger—our own invention—supports the body entirely independent of the frame and motor, absorbing all jar.

Safety device prevents back kick of motor. The Northern carburetor keeps constant mixture at all speeds.

Motor starts from seat. One lever operates high, low and reverse speeds. You can move it safely when motor is in full motion.

The Northern is beautifully finished and comfortably cushioned, has wide luxurious seat. Two roomy boxes are conveniently placed under front dash for tools, luggage, etc.

The Northern Runabout is, in short, a practical, satisfaction-giving machine for almost every purpose. The ideal vehicle for physician, business man, for family use.

Write for catalogue, which fully describes the latest improved models of both machines, and name of nearest agent.

Northern Manufacturing Co., Detroit, Mich.

Member National Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



Northern Runabout for 1906, Price \$650

Drink, and Be Happy!

"MAN is by nature prone to alcohol, and some individuals are more prone than others by virtue of that accidental variation which obtains throughout the animal and vegetable world, and is the basis of evolution according to the Darwinian theory. Now, excess is injurious, and the more alcoholic die sooner than the less alcoholic, and consequently the use of alcohol tends constantly to racial sobriety by the elimination of the drunkards and the survival of the fittest, who transmit their moderate tendencies to their children. It follows that the longer a race is exposed to the action of alcohol the more sober it becomes. Hence attempts to promote temperance by abolishing or diminishing the supply are really schemes for the promotion of drunkenness, because they tend to the preservation and perpetuation of the more alcoholically inclined who would otherwise die out."—Dr. Archibald Reed.

AMERICAN: Why do you go to Germany so often?

GERMAN: I like operas.

"You can hear opera in this country."

"Yah; but id's sheaper to puy a teeket to Shermanny und hear it ofer dere."—New York Weekly.



The test of a tire is service and performance. Judged by these standards

Goodrich Clincher Automobile Tires

excel. Whenever extraordinary endurance, speed and comfort are required, Goodrich Tires are demanded by experts. The choice of experts should be your choice—you can depend on "the tire with a record."

In the Great St. Louis Tour one-third of all tires were Goodrich Tires and not one showed a sign of weakness.

In the Vanderbilt Cup Race Goodrich Tires were the only ones that gave absolutely no trouble.

At Denver, a New World's Record was made by the machine equipped with Goodrich Tires.

At Cleveland—on the Glenview Track all time records were broken on Goodrich Tires. Goodrich Clincher Automobile Tires are best for all roads—best for all speeds, therefore best for your car.

Equipped with Goodrich Clincher Tires the expense of maintenance will be reduced to the minimum.

Books of information and complete detailed facts can be had from the dealer or will be mailed direct if you write to

THE B. F. GOODRICH CO.

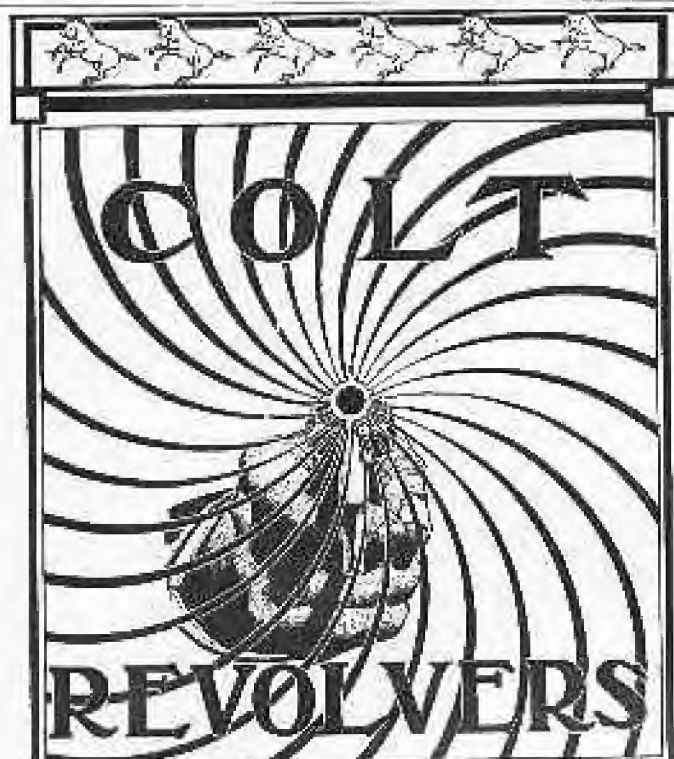
AKRON, OHIO



ABBOTT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS

Make the best cocktail. A delightful aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A tablespoonful in an ounce of sherry or sweetened water after meals, affords relief and aids digestion.

Important to see that it is Abbott's.



SIMPLE—SAFE—RELIABLE.

Always ready for use. No uncertainty about Colt Revolvers.

Place your confidence in a Colt—Backed by the "Colt" guarantee.

Catalogue mailed on request. The Firm for sale everywhere.

Colts Patent Firearms Manufacturing Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

**WRAPPED TREAD
CONSTRUCTION**



Diamond

1905 DETACHABLE CLINCHER TIRES

Thousands of miles of service within a year of application and wearing any other tire results actual.

Prove this tire at their exclusive excellence furnished by general service in car.

THE DIAMOND RUBBER CO., Akron, Ohio

Representatives in principal cities

Send your address for copy of the catalogue, or, please, clip it.



THEN HE IS GOOD

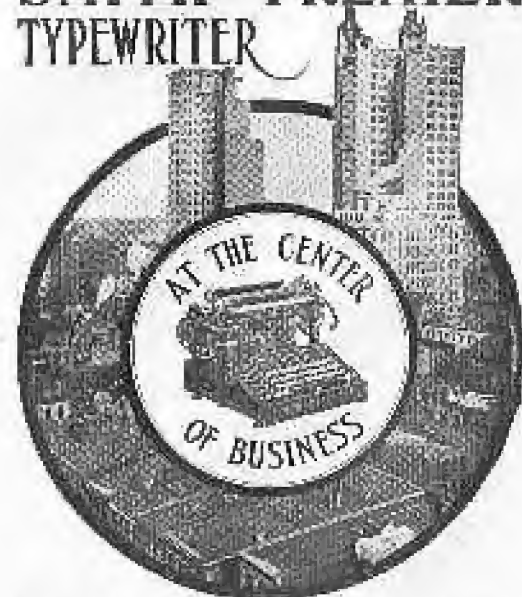
IF YOU WANT TO CURE YOUR OLD FASHIONED SICKNESS.

JUST GET YOUR HANDS ON THE RIGHT

AND THERE IS NO MORE TO SAY. THE ONLY WAY TO GET IT IS

TO GET IT FROM THE ONLY PLACE WHERE IT IS

**SMITH PREMIER
TYPEWRITER**

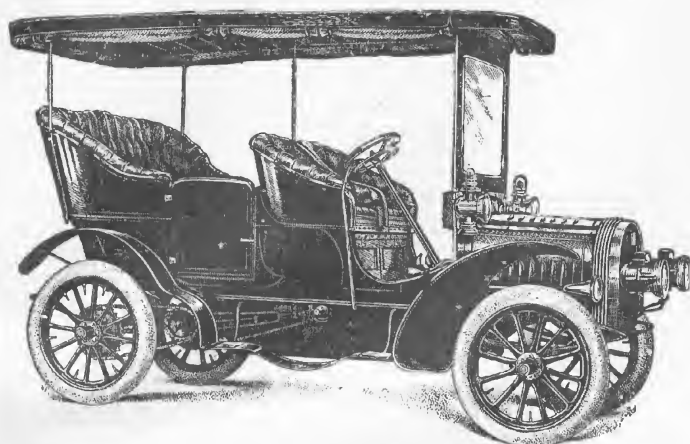


THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.

HOME OFFICE AND FACTORY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Dealers in all large cities.

Rambler



SURREY, TYPE TWO is an unusually beautiful, comfortable, powerful vehicle for touring. The big, luxuriously upholstered seats easily accommodate the average family, while an extra tire and personal luggage may be stowed under the seats. The canopy top, water-proof side curtains, plate-glass swinging front make it possible to travel in all kinds of weather. \$2000, complete with lamps, tools, etc. Full information on request. Other models \$750, \$850, \$1350, \$3000.

THOMAS B. JEFFERY & COMPANY

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin
Branches, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia
New York Agency, 134 West Thirty-eighth Street
Representatives in all other leading cities

Important!

If you should die, would your children stop studying and go to work, or have you left money enough for their education?

Our booklet, "The How and the Why," tells how you can do this and save at the same time. We insure by mail.

Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.
921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

Clark's Cruise of the "Arabic"

15,801 tons, one of the finest, largest and steadiest steamers in the world

To THE ORIENT

February 2 to April 13, 1905.

Seventy days, costing only \$400 and up, including shore excursions.

SPECIAL FEATURES: Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, Algiers, Malta, 19 days in Egypt and the Holy Land, Constantinople, Athens, Rome, the Riviera, etc. Tickets good to stop over in Europe. Numerous Escorted Parties to Europe.

FRANK C. CLARK, 113 Broadway, New York.

Frenzied Finance.

LIVES of great men oft remind us,
If we only owned a trust,
We could squeeze each smaller dealer
Till he'd pay our price or bust.

—Princeton Tiger.

A Great Man.

REPRESENTATIVE BIRDSALL, who represents Gen. Henderson's old district, is one of the best story tellers in the House among the Iowa delegation. While up in Minnesota during the recent campaign he annexed some new yarns which he has been telling.

"I met one old Swede," said Mr. Birdsall, "who was perfectly infatuated with a certain Ole Oleson, who was running for the State Legislature. This Americanized son of the Land of the Midnight Sun looked up to Oleson as the greatest statesman in the world. He couldn't do anything but sound his praises. All other thoughts were banished from his mind. He thought Oleson, dreamed Oleson, worked for Oleson, and said he was not only going to vote for Oleson, but was going to get out the whole Swedish ballot for him.

"You must be fond of this man, Ole Oleson?" said I to the Swede.

"Oh, Ole Oleson's a great man, all right," replied the Swede.

"Well," said I, "you don't think Oleson is greater than Yon Yonson, the Democratic candidate for Governor, do you?"

"Yonson's all right," said the Swede, "but he isn't as great a man as Ole Oleson. Ole Oleson is a mighty big man."

"Well, at least you like President Roosevelt, don't you?" said I.

"Oh, President Roosevelt! Yah, President Roosevelt, he's a great man, too. We're all going to vote for him. But he's not as great a man as Ole Oleson. Ole Oleson is a great man."

"Now, look here," said I, "you don't think for a minute that Ole Oleson is as great a man as George Washington, do you?"

"Well," replied the Swede, after a little thought, "you know Ole Oleson, he's a great man, but then he's not as old a man as George Washington."—Washington Post.

"YOUNG Dr. Swift calls every day on the little widow."

"Dear me! Is she as ill as all that?"

"No, but she is as pretty as all that."—Exchange.

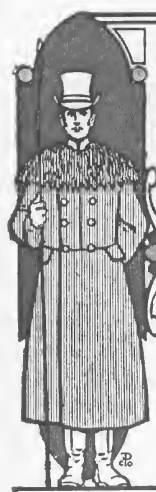
WINDIG: I don't know what we are going to do with our youngest boy.

JOBLOTS: What's the trouble?

"He's getting so we can't believe a word he says."

"Why don't you get him a job in the prediction department of the Government Weather Bureau?"—Chicago Daily News.

Studebaker Carriages and Automobiles





CARRIAGES

Studebaker Vehicles Won Double Grand Prize, Louisiana Purchase Exp'n.
 "There is no question but that Studebaker did most to make American carriages better than those of Europe. In fact, Studebaker has built the spirit of sturdy and progressive Americanism into the vehicle itself." From the *New York Sun*, Sept. 4, 1904.
 are now on exhibition at our
Early Spring Models repositories. Correct harness and accessories are shown for every style of equipage.
STUDEBAKER BROS. MANUFACTURING COMPANY
 NEW YORK CITY—Broadway and 7th Ave. at 48th St. CHICAGO, ILL.—378 to 388 Wabash Ave. KANSAS CITY, MO.—810 to 814 Walnut St. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Cor. Market and 10th Sts. PORTLAND, ORE.—330 to 336 E. Morrison St. DENVER, CO.—Cor. 15th and Blake Sts. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—157 to 159 State St. DALLAS, TEX.—317 to 319 Elm St. Local Agencies Everywhere. Factory and Executive Offices: SOUTH BEND, IND.



AUTOMOBILES

ELECTRIC The handsome 1905 Victoria Phaeton presented herewith is indisputably the most satisfactory electric automobile yet produced. It is especially designed for city and suburban driving. The mechanism for its operation and control is the simplest and surest ever put into an electric car.
GASOLINE The 1905 Studebaker Gasoline Automobile for distance touring possesses many admirable features. Most notable are its ease of starting (by one turn of the crank), sure control by foot lever, absence of vibration and the accessibility of all working parts.
 Catalogues showing every type of electric and gasoline vehicle sent on request.
STUDEBAKER AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, South Bend, Ind.
 Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.
 Agencies in all principal cities.



DAINTY
DELICIOUS
DIGESTIVE



LIQUEUR
Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

Formerly known as Chartreuse

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
 Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
 Sole Agents for United States.

What We Leave.

LIVES of great men all remind us,
 As their pages o'er we turn,
 That we're apt to leave behind us
 Letters that we ought to burn.

—London Star.

A Centenarian's Epitaph.

EXPECT not, wanderer, a tiresome string
 Of words, my worth and virtues here to sing.
 With indiscretions are such tales beset,
 And self-praise causes bitter envy oft.
 But judge me by the obvious regret
 Which Death displayed to take me up aloft.

—Westminster Gazette.

A NEW story that comes from Germany is that of a Christianized Jew, who, returning to his native village, went to the rabbi and said that he had been seized by a strong desire to be buried in the same plot with his parents. The rabbi informed him that, as he was now a Christian, such a thing as burial in a Jewish cemetery was impossible. The Jew said that he was willing to pay well to have his wish gratified.

"Well," said the rabbi, "there will be a meeting of the directors of the synagogue tomorrow, and I will see what I can do for you."

He informed the Jew the next day that the directors, after a hard struggle, had given in, but that it would cost him forty-five thousand marks.

"That's a terrible price," said the Jew, after he had reluctantly paid it. "Now tell me how you happened to fix upon exactly that sum."

"Well," said the rabbi, "the reason was this: When the Messiah appears, and calls all the Jews to heaven, you, as a Christian, could not go with them, and therefore would be left in possession of the entire cemetery, and as there was room for three thousand plots at fifteen marks per plot (the regular rate), we concluded it was nothing but just that you should pay for them all."—Argonaut.

CANT-SLIP BATH MAT

has a special surface grateful to the skin but absolutely firm in the most dangerous tub.

All others are rough (like door-mats), collect dirt, and are too small to give footing on sitting down or rising.

Hangs up to dry! (Hanger comes with it.) Price complete for 36 x 15 inch "Cant Slip," \$3, delivered east of St. Louis. Other sizes to fit any tub. Prices on request.

If your dealer cannot supply you send price to us.

CANT-SLIP BATHTUB APPLIANCE CO.
 813 DREXEL BLDG., PHILADELPHIA, PA.



NATIONAL MODEL C GASOLINE

Four Cylinder, Bevel Gear Drive, Double Ball Bearings, Pressed Steel Frame, Side Entrances, Finish and Trimmings the Finest. January Deliveries.

Our full line of Gasoline and Electric cars will be on exhibition at the New York and Chicago Automobile Shows.

WRITE FOR ADVANCE CIRCULARS



NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE CO.
 1021 E. 22nd St., Indianapolis, Ind.

1905 ANNOUNCEMENT

The Autocar

A New Type

We believe that the Autocar in all its types represents the highest excellence in automobile design, workmanship and material. Every Autocar is built on honor. We feel, therefore, that our new type will meet with a cordial reception.

This car, Type XI, larger and more powerful than the other types, has a four-cylinder vertical engine of 16-20 horsepower. The body is built on the newest and most approved French lines. The front seat is divided and both front and rear seats are large and comfortable.

While this car is built upon the tried Autocar principles which have been so splendidly proven, it shows a number of very important improvements making for increased simplicity, ease of operation, safety and comfort.

In fact, though Autocars have always been noted for absence of bewildering intricacy of mechanism, yet no one can but be impressed with the extreme simplicity of this new car. It is a triumph in scientific construction and arrangement.

This car has more than met our highest expectations in the road test. In fact its performance has been a surprise to experienced automobile men. The power of the car carries it, fully equipped and loaded with five passengers up tested 12 per cent. grades for instance, at 20 to 25 miles per hour on the direct drive, while on the level the car attains a speed of 40 to 45 miles. The car is a superior climber on any hill.

Altogether our eight years' experience has enabled us to produce in this type, a four cylinder car we are assured cannot be surpassed by any similar car at any price.

The Price of Type XI is \$2000. Ready for delivery January 16.

Type VIII.—Four-Passenger Car at (\$1400), and Type X—Runabout at (\$900)

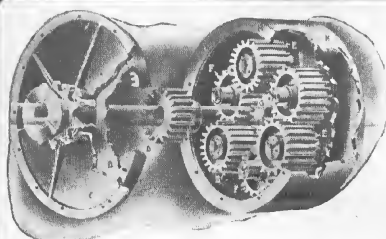
have made Autocar Reputation. Each stands at the head of its class for value and efficiency.

Autocars, Types VIII, X, and XI, will be on exhibition at the New York Automobile Show, Madison Square Garden.

Catalogue descriptive of the 1904-05 types will be sent free upon request. This catalogue contains also addresses of our dealers throughout the country who will be glad to give demonstrations to prospective automobile purchasers and explain in detail the merits of our cars.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, Ardmore, Pa.

Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



The Best Transmission

Most automobile troubles arise in the transmission case. The transmission of the Cadillac has solved one

of the most difficult problems of the automobile. It insures perfect running, reduces cost of maintenance and repairs and gives greater power. It is simple, strong and noiseless. Every part of the

CADILLAC

is built with

care, thoroughness, and precision. The result is

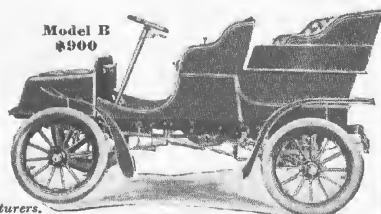
extreme durability and absence of annoyance to the operator. The speed range of

the Cadillac is from four to thirty miles an hour, the

maximum speed being easily maintained with four passengers, Let us send you Booklet R and give you the name of the

nearest Cadillac agency where you can satisfy yourself that nothing at double the money equals the Cadillac. Prices, \$750 to \$900.

Model B
\$900



CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

Peerless

Direct Drive Touring Cars.

Combine elegance, simplicity and dependability—elegantly finished in every detail. Run smoothly and silently and are instantly responsive to control.

Motors of exactly the same construction as those in the famous Peerless "Green Dragon" racing car, driven by Barney Oldfield.

Four forward speeds on all models. The enclosed bevel gear drive transmits full power of the engine to the wheels without loss.

Prices for 1905

24 H. P. \$3,200	35 H. P. \$4,000	Limousine \$4,000
30 H. P. 3,750	60 H. P. 6,000	(five passengers inside)

Our 1905 catalogue with detailed description of all models mailed free.

The Peerless Motor Car Company

40 Lisbon Street, Cleveland, O.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



A palace car at your door—the

OLDSMOBILE

a Pullman that needs no track—a public utility for every avenue of business hurry. Always ready when you are—a race horse when you want speed—"Old Dobbins" when you halt by the way.

The Oldsmobile Touring Car, price \$1400, is equipped with a 20 H. P. double opposed motor; cylinders $5\frac{1}{2} \times 6$ inches. Has side entrance, and is luxuriously upholstered throughout. Seating capacity for five passengers. Wheel base 90 inches. Speed from 6 to 40 miles an hour—with surprising hill climbing ability—noise of exhaust completely eliminated.

Oldsmobile Standard Runabout,	\$650
Oldsmobile Touring Runabout,	\$750
Oldsmobile Light Tonneau Car,	\$950
Oldsmobile 20 H. P. Touring Car,	\$1400

Send for "Book of Particulars." Address Dept. J.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS — Detroit, U. S. A.

Member of Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

Drawing by Karl Anderson.
Copyright 1905 Brownell & Humphrey.

LIFE



THE REAL AUTOMOBILE FACT.

Flying.

OVER the roadway narrow
And under the azure sky
We glide with the speed of an arrow,
My motor car and I.

Out where the corn is waving—
The wind blows fresh and strong—
Our souls in the ozone laveng
We sing the cylinder's song.

Over the hills we rally
Under the sun's bright gleam,
And down through the restful valley
We fly in our power supreme.

With us no spectre may reckon.
Who cares if, as onward we fly,
A legion of sirens may beckon
My motor car and I?

T. M.

Chronic.

MANAGER OF DEPARTMENT
STORE: Are you aware, madam,
that you can be put in jail for klepto-
mania?

"Why, no. I've been practicing it
on my husband for years."

Not Guilty.

MR. H. W. BOYNTON, in one of the essays in his "Literature and Journalism," accuses LIFE of "not over-brilliant jokes about the mother-in-law and the *fiancée*." The LIFE of Mr. Boynton's imagination may print mother-in-law jokes, but the real LIFE hasn't had one for years. It is curious that with the whole calendar of sin to choose from, Mr. Boynton should have happened to charge LIFE with a crime of which it is not guilty.

Distant Clouds on a Title.

AT the desire of the Superintendent of Necrology of Harvard, the Boston *Transcript* prints a list of about one hundred and fifty Harvard graduates, from S. Bellingham, 1642, to T. Brown, 1729, with a request for the dates of their decease.

Every alumnus whose decease is not recorded remains a cloud upon the title of the oldest living graduate. Superintendent Noyes wants to clear that title, and the way to do it is to put dates of death to S. Bellingham, 1642,

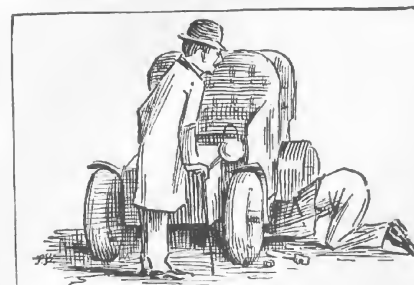
and the rest. We hope he will succeed. Such satisfaction as there is in being the oldest living graduate of Harvard ought not to be marred by uncertainty whether S. Bellingham, 1642, is still alive.

Two Tales.

NODD: I tell you that auto of mine is a great success. Runs like a dream.

TODD: Why, I understood it was breaking down every night and kept you up until midnight.

"Yes, so my wife thinks."



Interested Onlooker: OF WHAT "POWER" IS YOUR AUTOMOBILE?

Muffled Voice: ABOUT FORTY MULE-POWER.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

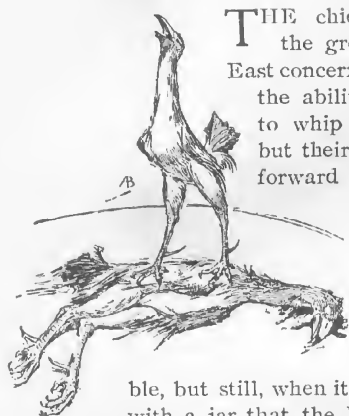
VOL. XLV. JAN. 19, 1905. No. 1160.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

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Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.



THE chief interest in the great war in the East concerns, not so much the ability of the Japs to whip the Russians, but their power to help forward the cause of Russian liberty. It had long been understood that the fall of Port Arthur was inevitable, but still, when it came, it came with a jar that the Russian autocracy felt. Three years ago, Tolstoi, when he believed himself to be dying, wrote to the Czar, warning him against his advisers, "whose cruel and strenuous activity is arresting the eternal progress of mankind." He warned the Czar that autocracy was an outgrown form of government that would no longer serve for an enlightened people living in touch with enlightened nations. He entreated him to heed the desires of the Russian people, and especially to free the working people from the special laws that deprived them of rights enjoyed by other citizens, and to give them freedom of removal from place to place, freedom of education, of conscience, and in tenure of land. These reforms are coming, and the Japs are helping vastly to bring them. Some of them have already been granted by the Czar, and though what the Czar gives he can take back, or the next Czar may take back, the great reforms, like the abolition of serfdom or the

concession of these great rights that Tolstoi spoke for, once they are fully established and enjoyed, are irrevocable.

The Japs will bring Russia down to modern times if they hold out long enough. More power to them in that good cause. It was that thieving gang of palace reactionaries—the sort that spoke of the Russian people as fleas who thought they owned the dog—that brought on the war with Japan. To bring requital home to them, and break their deadly hold on Russia's throat, is one chief thing the Japs are working for, though it is an end with which they have little concern, and about which, it may be, they take little thought.



THE question, who are the fleas and who the dog, is of large political significance in other places than Russia. We who live in New York are more than usually restless just now under some of the provisions for our government that have been devised by the up-State legislators in Albany. We want especially to get rid of the diabolical Raines-law hotels, invented, to the immense detriment of the morals of our town, by Senator John Raines of Canandaigua, and stolidly maintained by him and his Republican hayseed brethren in the Legislature, because the excise system, of which they are an unnecessary part, brings in a revenue of nearly \$18,000,000, half of which goes towards defraying the expenses of governing the State. It costs \$26,000,000 a year to run the State. The Raines law supplies nine millions now, and does better every year, drawing nearly all its revenue from the cities of the State, and the greater part of it from New York. It provides that hotels may sell drinks on Sunday, and defines a hotel as a building with ten rooms that may be let to transient lodgers. That definition has filled New York with bogus hotels, which let for the most deleterious purposes the rooms which they are bound to maintain, and for which, being merely saloons, they

have no legitimate use. We yearn very earnestly to have Raines and his accomplices deliver us from the demoralizing burden of these intolerable hotels, and fix up their excise law so that it may effect a due extortion at a less exorbitant cost of immorality. But in this case we are the dog and Raines and his fellows are the fleas, and fully appreciate the comfort and emolument of their position. They are out for blood, and not particular about details. So long as the State gets our money, and the tax rate continues light in the rural districts, our morals may go hang. Wherefore, brethren, when you read of the perils of the foul Raines-law hotels, remember Raines of Canandaigua and his fellow-fleas. That they should be able to fasten on this town the extraordinary equipment of public nuisances that their law maintains here would be incredible if it were not true.



THE late William H. Baldwin, Jr., had the greatest talent for being good of any man of like ability and success that we Americans have seen much of these many years. He was not only good, but affirmatively, helpfully, illustriously good, and yet no one seemed to lay it up against him. And he was good under difficulties, for he was an exceedingly able and successful man of business, who missed the discipline of failure, succeeding from the first in what he undertook, progressing with extreme rapidity from one important position of trust and responsibility to a better one, and becoming President of the Long Island Railroad at the age of thirty-three. We do not know where to look for a recent career, or character, that quite matches Mr. Baldwin's. The most unworldly of worldly-wise men, the most unselfish of efficient men, he seemed to consider that the most valuable thing in life was the opportunity to serve mankind. He is dead at forty-one, a lamentable loss to the country. But what a happy life! To call it successful is almost a disparagement. It is a credit to our country and our generation that such a man as Baldwin could have won and held the place he did, and could have been so universally honored and beloved.



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ELOPEMENT À LA GASOLINE.

To the Point.

FOR weeks the Kindergarten had been deluged with Nature verses, and the process of absorption was far advanced. Sufficiently to admit of a little squeezing with results, thought the teacher.

"Now, children," she said, "I want you each to bring in a little verse that you have made yourselves about the buds, or the trees, or the flowers, or anything that pleases you."

Various specimens were produced next day, but the gem of the collection was little May Flynn's. With appropriate gestures she recited:

"See the pretty gold fish swimming in the globe!
See the pretty robin singing in the tree!
Who taught these two to fly together?
Who stucked the fur upon their breasts?
'Twas God. 'Twas God. He done it."

A Word from Omar.

I SENT my Soul back to the Earth to see
If by a Chance it still remember'd me;
Alas, I would that I had Stuck to Tents,
Nor writ one word of Cup, or Rose, or Key.
For Verse-smiths there are working Day and Night
On Parodies of what I did indite;
Ah, my Belovéd, should Bahrám's Wild Ass
Get in Swift Kicks 'twould serve the rhymesters right!

H. C.

A Reply to a Recent Request.

MY DEAR FRIEND:
I saw your appeal in the Christmas number of LIFE and hasten to send you a bone, or the means to get it.

Ten cents should buy a good solid piece of meat, and almost any butcher will throw in bones. I think you can safely invite a friend to dinner and still have something left over to bury for the next holiday.

I have a great many friends among dogs, and shall be glad to count you among their

number. Your letter was sincere and showed a warm heart.

Please consider yourself patted and called Doggie as often as you like.

Sincerely,

Annie Sherman Brown.

POMONA, CAL., DECEMBER 17, 1904.



WHAT WAS THAT?

Epigrams.

HERE is no necessity for saying it all. You say more by saying less.

Everything that is most beautiful in life and art owes its existence to impulse—not to intention.

Women should not make laws. Instead they should bring up their children in a way that would make laws unnecessary.

Science is religion. It teaches us to know nature. And nature is the visible half of God. Whether he will or not—every scientist is a high priest.

As well as search the air for the souls of all our dead—we might search the earth for all their bodies.

To strive is more than to succeed.

A straight lie is always better than a distorted truth.

Who gives most, asks most.

The look has more power than the eye—the smile is more victorious than the mouth—the movement more seductive than the form—taste and grace triumphant over beauty—what you are, forever overruling what you may appear.

A child should not be disciplined to obey without questioning—but instead to question, and seek the reason for, everything it does and undertakes.

Helen Woljeska.



A COMPROMISE.

BY A LOVER OF HORSES.

His Voyage.

WHAT AN OLD SAILOR HAD TO SAY ABOUT HIS AUTO RIDE.

“WELL, Jack, how did you enjoy your ride in that automobile?”

The old sailor gave a look aloft and a preliminary hitch to his trousers.

“Do you want me to tell you about that voyage?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Well, a friend of mine hove in sight the other morning with one of those strange craft. The wind was fair, and as he rounded up under the lee of my boarding-house, he sung out for me to join him. So I clumb on, and in a minute or more we were off down the Avenue, with everything set, the wind on the quarter and making about ten knots. By and by my friend, who was captain, pilot, officer of the watch, lookout and man at the wheel all in one, shifted his cigarette to port and says, “Now we’ll let her out a bit.” He took out a belaying pin, shifted some of the ballast, pulled a plug out of the lee scuppers, and in a minute or more we began to buzz like a northeast gale off the coast of Killarney. My friend was all right, for he had a pair of spy-glasses rigged on to his front figure-head; but I was sailing right up in the eye of the wind under bare poles, expecting any minute to run head on to something or other. I wouldn’t dare say just how fast we were going, but I looked over the side once or twice, and judging by the cobblestones and children that seemed to foam all round us, I



COMPENSATION.

SAID THE SHADE OF A RECKLESS CHAUFFEUR:

“THO’ THE ROADWAY’S A HIT INSECURE,

THERE IS ONE THOUGHT TO CHEER,

WHEN THE SULPHUR FUMES SEAR:

NO LAWS *here* FORBID ‘scorching,’ I’M SURE.”



"Eight hundred knots an hour."

should say we were making at least eight hundred knots an hour.

"I tried my best to keep a sharp lookout ahead, but before I could get my eyes fastened on to any object whatever, it was about four miles astern. There was some sort of a land fog-horn rigged up in front, and I tried to grab it and tell my friend to shorten sail. It seemed to me that he ought to clew up the royals, t' gallant sails and flying jib, and put a double reef in the topsails, for I saw by the barometer that was fastened to the bulwarks that almost every kind of weather there was threatening. But my friend just fooled with that wheel and hung on to that cigarette, and the gnats and things peppered his spyglasses like birds on a lighthouse lamp, and I saw he was bound to outsail everything else in sight. Then I shut my eyes and hung on, and it seemed as if the seas were breaking over us, and we were pitching and tossing and rolling on to our beam ends, and then righting ourselves and diving ahead right through forty feet of solid green. And while I was cogitating in my mind, and wondering if we hadn't better call all hands and cut away the rigging, and let the mainmast go by the board, there was a rip and a snort and a sudden silence, and I opens my eyes, and there we were sitting calm and serene in front of my boarding-house, with my friend puffing away like mad at his cigarette, which was more'n half out.

"'Back again,' says my friend. 'And now where else shall we go?'"

"But I got out. It seemed mighty good, I can tell you, to set foot on dry land once more.

"'Not for me,' says I. 'My next voyage will be on the firm old ocean, with the blue water underneath me, and the wind can blow all the buttons off the captain's coat for all I care. But when I take ship in one of those hell barkentines, liable to run ashore any minute and spring a leak and blow up, or something equally exciting, why, you'll have to *excuse me!*'"

"And I groped my way blindly into my land cabin and took a double dose of grog."

Tom Masson.

Homelike.

"MAMA," said the little girl who was having her first experience of riding in a sleeper.

"Hush, dear," whispered mama, "you will waken the others."

"But, mama, I only want to ask one question."

"Well, what is it?"

"Who has the flat above us?"

"THE quality of mercy is not strained, is it?"

"Not in these days. It's more likely to be sterilized."



Citizen Oolaoola: IT'S AN OUTRAGE. THERE OUGHT TO BE RESTRICTIONS PLACED ON THESE FOUR-KANGAROO POWER AUTOS.

Persecuting the Appendix.



IF any worm ever had reason to turn, it is the vermiform appendix. The doctors, as well as the surgeons, are pretty well agreed now that its only value is to illustrate

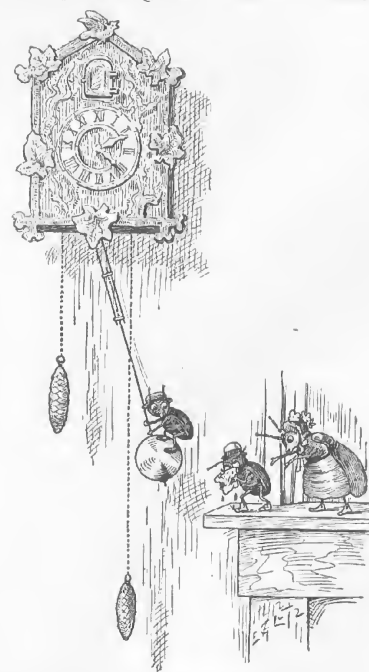
the skill of the man who takes it out. They are all for expatriating it at the first whimper of insubordination, and cases are not rare in which, while still entirely submissive and peaceable, it is yanked out merely as a precaution against the chance that it may some time do wrong.

We don't think the appendix is having a fair show. It is certainly entitled, at least, to toleration during good behavior, but the surgeons and doctors are loath even to grant it that. They hold with the pertinacity of conviction that in the matter of the appendix the safe side is the outside. The doctors are as ready as so many Supreme Court Justices to grant certificates of reasonable doubt as to the docility of the appendix. That is all the surgeons require. Out it comes. They tell you they never knew an appendix that was once successfully removed, to do anybody any harm, whereas in many instances appendixes that were left in have made trouble. We heard a big healthy surgeon say the other day that if he were going on a long trip—say around the world—he would seriously consider the expedi-

ency of having his appendix out, merely to reduce the chances of being sick in an inconvenient place. That the appendix is of any physiological use, or is anything better than a little stick of dynamite awaiting detonation, they have no idea.

Lacking all authority that comes from technical knowledge, we cannot argue with the medical brethren about it, nor would we hesitate to be guided by their judgment if our own appendix got to aching. But we do not believe that the appendix is having fair treatment, or that in twenty years from now the detail of evisceration which deals with it will be so popular as it is at present. That individuals may have physical defects which surgery can relieve, we all know, but is it quite credible that all human creatures, fashioned, as we are still taught to believe, in the image of their Maker, have this universal defect of an unnecessary and irresponsible little gut which exists only to make trouble? Evolution or no evolution, for our part we are not yet ready to believe it. A London doctor, Sir William MacEwen, said to be a man of high distinction in his profession, is cited as having come out in defense of the appendix, and in contradiction of the idea that it is wholly bad. He expresses conviction that it has an important function in assisting digestion, and is the favorite home of micro-organisms which are particularly useful in attacking imperfectly assimilated nourishment. These opinions

sound respectable. We are glad Sir William has avowed them. If he can establish their validity it will be a useful public service. The appendix operation is comparatively new. There has not been time yet to establish the fact so confidently asserted, that a man without an appendix is a better man than one who has one. We don't believe he is quite so good a man—so there!



"WHAT ARE YOU CRYING ABOUT, FRED-DIE?"

"THAT GREEDY JOHNNIE BUG WON'T LET ME TRY THE SWING."



MODERN VERSION OF THE FIERY CHARIOT.

A Letter.

TO THE EDITORS OF LIFE,
New York City.

GENTLEMEN: Having just read your "Kickers' Column" in the New Year's number, it occurs to me that it may be soothing to your soul to know that the picture of the Harvard eleven of 1909, in last week's issue, brought shouts of laughter, even from Harvard graduates, here in the borderland between the two points of view.

What basis of fact did Mr. Flagg have? For some years we have been amused here with a story, that back in the nineties, when the Harvard line resembled the keyboard of a piano, some sly son of Yale on the side lines assisted the blue to a touchdown on Harvard by rolling a watermelon out on the field, thereby depriving the Harvard line of every other man. Did an actual occurrence suggest this story and your picture?

Very truly yours,
BALTIMORE, JAN. 2, 1905. "T."

The Real Thing.

"WHY do you call your auto she?"

"Because it is always breaking down at critical moments, raising the devil most of the time, and keeps me broke."

"Romance" Repeats Itself.

JOSEPH CONRAD'S novel, "Romance," has a vivid description of a trial in an English court of justice about a century ago, in which there has been a confusion of identity. The prisoner is being tried and convicted for the crimes of another man, and is on the point of being sentenced to be hanged, when new witnesses, strongly backed, intervene and save him. The determination of the Court to hang him, and the indifference of the Judge to all efforts made by him, or in his behalf, to prove that he is not the man accused, are impressively set forth. Whoever has read the passage must recall it when he reads that much of the blame for the miscarriage of justice in the famous Adam Beck case in England has been laid by the committee of inquiry on Sir Forrest Fulton, "who excluded from Beck's trial in 1896 all evidence favorable to the accused, and who refused to state a case for the consideration of the higher court." Beck, as will be recalled, got, and served, five years in prison, with Sir Forrest's compliments, for

crimes done by John Smith, and was actually again convicted in 1904 of more crimes done by the same perpetrator. By good luck, and nothing else, the truth came out *after* his last trial, and then the whole story of his sufferings was disclosed, and raised a tremendous row. It must be mortifying to Sir Forrest Fulton to know that he permitted the London police to railroad an innocent man to prison, but it is a grand lesson to English criminal judges, and a lesson which, according to all accounts, they needed. It affords also an interesting corollary to the Maybrick case. British courts seem to err almost as much in the direction of failure to protect the innocent, as our courts do in failing to convict and punish the guilty.

A Tragedy of the Track.

(A BALLAD OF MIXED MECHANICS.)

THE crowd was gathered at the start,
The auto course was clear,
The stern chauffeur upon the seat
Was Chauncey Vere de Vere.

Like galloping tuberculi
The thing began to cough,
Brave Chauncey seized the what's-it's-name—
A shot and they were off!

His engine was a thing-um-bob
Imported from Patee,
His tires, I wot, were you-know-what—
The kind they ought to be.

Small wonder, then, that Chauncey sped
More swiftly than the wynde—
Before him lay the open course,
His rivals all behind.

But Chauncey looked with anguished gaze
Upon his steering gear—
The crack-a-jack was out of whack
And acting very queer.

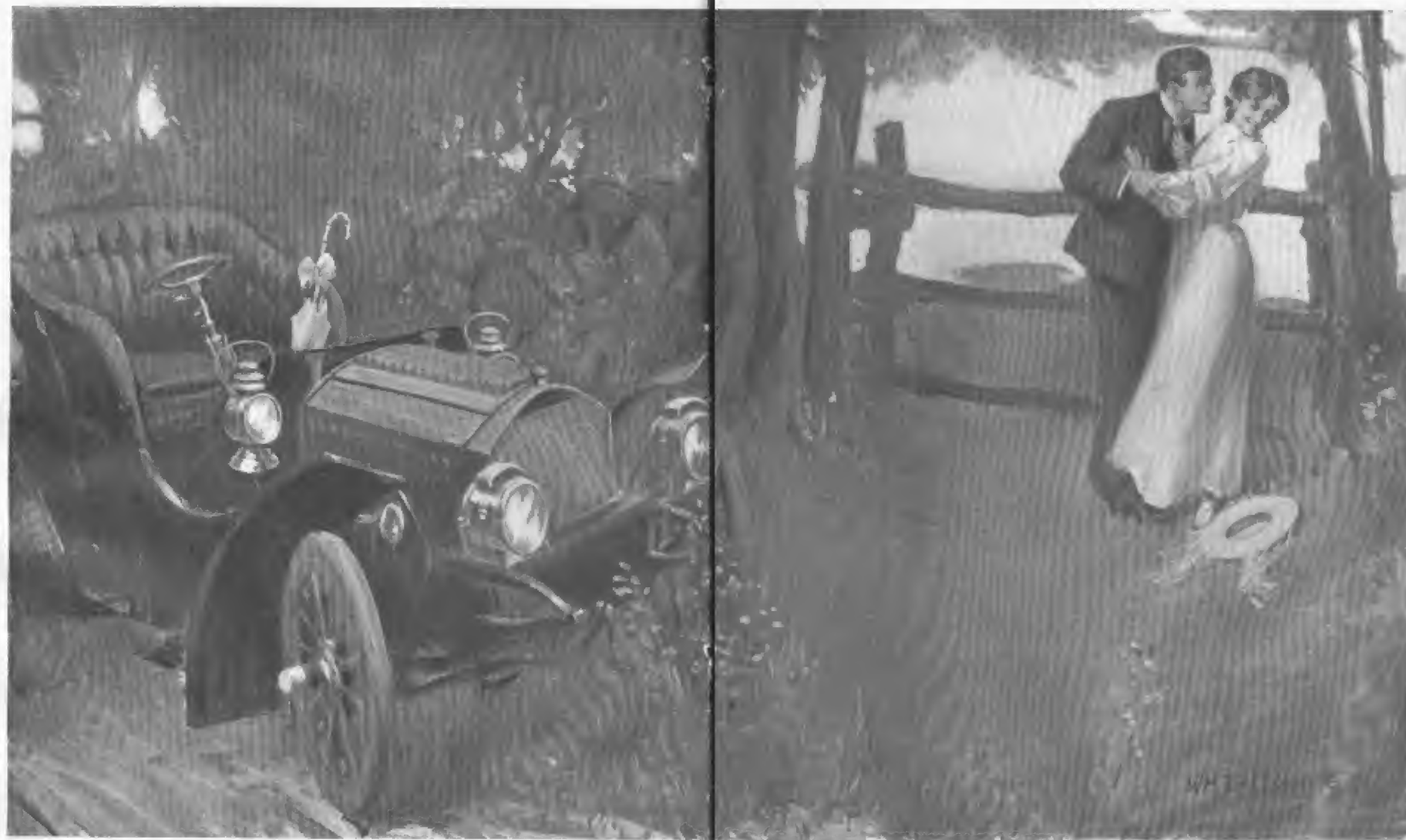
The thing-ma-jig began to dig,
The what's-it's-name to pop,
And shame, oh, shame! the auto came
Abruptly to a stop!

With leers and jeers and dastard sneers
The rival cars shot by—
Their spunk was up to win the cup,
Their hopes and speed were high.

But prone beneath his moveless car
Our anguished hero lay—
No hope was his—the funny-biz
Had broken quite away.

So Vere de Vere, the chauffeur, wept
Beside a wayside ditch.
"All lost!" he cried, "because of that
Defective ask-me-which!"

Wallace Irwin



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TROUBLE WITH THE SPARKER.

LIFE'S ONLY LIBEL SUIT.



IN LIFE for January 21, 1904, appeared the picture and text shown below. It was not a pleasant thing to print and was an especially grewsome subject for LIFE's columns.

But there was reason for it.

The Iroquois fire with its great and needless loss of life had occurred only three weeks before. The public was beginning to forget. The safeguarding of human

life in New York's theatres, which public indignation had clamored for, was encountering the usual obstructions and official delays. These were procured for the avoidance of expense by the parties in interest to tide over the time until the public should grow indifferent through its forgetfulness.

For many years LIFE, in its dramatic columns, had been insisting that more regard should be paid by our theatrical managers and by the building, police, and fire departments to the protection of human life in our theatres. In its issue for April 6, 1899, in speaking of a New York theatre which was then a fire trap, it used the following expressions which were almost prophetic of the Chicago disaster:

It is sincerely to be hoped that no one will ever raise a cry of "Fire!" in the Casino while a performance is going on in that picturesque play-house, or when its roof-garden is crowded of a summer evening. Although the Casino has fire-escapes somewhere in its complicated architecture, people in a panic have a way of seeking the nearest way out. In the case of the Casino, the usual routes of exit are not exactly models of roominess and directness. The staircases—none too broad—bend and turn and twist in a way that is confusing even to an audience leaving the theatre with the utmost deliberation. Should there be a panic, and should anyone fall at such a time, those in the pushing and pushed crowd behind would pile up on top of one another in a way most horrible to imagine. Should an actual fire occur instead of only an alarm of fire, there might be accompaniments of crushing and burning and suffocating the like of which New York has never seen.

(It is only fair to the proprietors of the Casino to say that since the Iroquois fire the Casino has been greatly remodeled. ED. LIFE.)

"Mr. Bluebeard" was an entertainment which had had a run in New York and with which LIFE's readers were familiar. To bring the point of the picture more directly home and to emphasize it, there was added to it the form of announcement used by its proprietors on their programmes.

Soon after the appearance of the picture in LIFE, the owners of this journal were sued for libel by Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, the damages to their feelings and reputations being laid at \$100,000. This is the only suit for libel that has ever been brought against LIFE. The case came to trial before Judge Wallace and a jury of representative business men in the United States Circuit Court on the third of the present month. LIFE's counsel, Messrs. Ordway and Wierum, showed explicitly and in great detail the condition of the theatre and its exits at the time of the fire. It was also shown that Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger were the recorded owners of a quarter interest in the theatre, that they were the booking agents of the theatre and were the producers of "Mr. Bluebeard." This was held to be a sufficient justification of LIFE's use of their names in the text.

Five minutes after leaving the court room the jury found a verdict in favor of LIFE.



MESSRS. KLAU AND ERLANGER PRESENT
"MR. BLUEBEARD," LATE OF THE
IROQUOIS THEATRE.

Fighting the public's battles is a voluntary duty on the part of a publication; it is not a grateful one nor is it always appreciated. In the present case the publishers of LIFE are satisfied with the approval of their own consciences and with the endorsement given to them by a learned judge and by twelve of New York's best citizens.

An incident in connection with the trial may be of interest to LIFE's readers, and certainly goes to uphold LIFE's contention concerning the unfitness of the men who control most of the theatres of America. The jury had just left the court room and several of those in attendance on the trial were standing in the corridor immediately outside of the court room door. Among these was the writer of the present article. Mr. Abraham L. Erlanger, one of the plaintiffs, approached him and in a very audible voice made the following picturesque statement:

"Mr. Metcalfe, I want you to understand that if you ever mention my name in your paper again, I'll beat your face to a pulp."

This was repeated, and then to it Mr. Erlanger added this further interesting information:

"I'll beat your face to a pulp. If you haven't got a photograph of yourself, you'd better get one, because when I get through with you, you won't know yourself."

LIFE begs to inform Mr. Abraham L. Erlanger, and others of his kind who are inclined to take the law into their own hands, that no ruffianly threats are going to deter this journal from exercising its rights and doing what it considers its duty to its readers and the public. If in doing this, it becomes necessary to mention the name of Mr. Erlanger, or

any other public or notorious character, it will not hesitate to do so.

Furthermore, it would become Mr. Erlanger to go off by himself and indulge in a little quiet thought. Among the people in his employ and with whom he does business he may use such methods and such violence as they will endure. But he must remember that in the larger world where his autocratic and tyrannical powers are not recognized, he is only a very ordinary individual and is amenable to the laws of the community in which he lives. And he should also remember that no matter how successful his methods have been in the theatrical business, they will not prevail here and *he cannot put LIFE out of business.*

An effort has been made to make it appear that in the matter of LIFE's criticisms of the Theatrical Trust and its methods, this journal has been actuated by racial or anti-Semitic prejudice. That phase of the question has been repeatedly discussed in these columns. We think it has been made clear that our contention has not been against the unworthy members of the Trust as Jews. LIFE has never regarded them as worthy representatives of the Jewish faith. It has been intimated to us that the course of this journal in this matter has not been a cause of offence to the better class of Jews in this community.

LIFE begs the pardon of its readers for devoting so much space to a person like Mr. Erlanger. The incident we have mentioned, however, is an unusual one in the older and more civilized parts of this country, and in so far as it is an assault on the editorial freedom of this journal it is deemed to be of interest to its readers.

Metcalfe.

A Common Case.

BROADWAY: Too bad about old Gottrocks.

MANHATTAN: Why, what's the matter with him?

"He started in to make enough money to retire on, and made so much that he's got to work overtime to take care of it."

Hopeless.

VISITOR AT INSANE ASYLUM: What is behind that iron door with the big padlock on it?

GUARD: That's where we keep the dangerous characters. The man in there now tried to read "Frenzied

Finance" and "The Simple Life" at the same time.

?

BRIGGS: I see in the suit brought by Klaw and Erlanger against LIFE for one hundred thousand dollars, in which a verdict was rendered in favor of LIFE, that the jury was out five minutes.

GRIGGS: What caused the delay?

SUBURBAN life is now becoming so popular that it is really more expensive than living in the city.



A COMPARATIVE EXHIBITION.

Limerick Du Jour.

IL était un jeune Japonais,
 Qui rencontrait un Russe sur le quai :
 "Que fais-tu à Manhattan ?
 "Si tu sois sage, va-t-en !
 "Si tu reste ici tu es tué !"
 Le Russe, dans un très-grand effroi,
 Criaît "Gens d'arme ! Police ! Sauvez-moi !"
 Un policeman qui passait
 Remarquait, Allez chasser !
 "Pourquoi vos pieds sont-ils froids ?"
 Le Russe devenait brave, et criaît,
 "Hey, Japsky ! Chien ! Attendez !"
 Mais avant pouvoir penser,
 Sa tête était lancée,
 Et cent cinquante centimes ressemblait.
 Le bon petit Jap allait chez lui ;
 Le policeman (qui se nommait Kelly),
 Au Russe il disait,
 "Comment assister ?
 "J'appellais, et le laid Jap allait !"

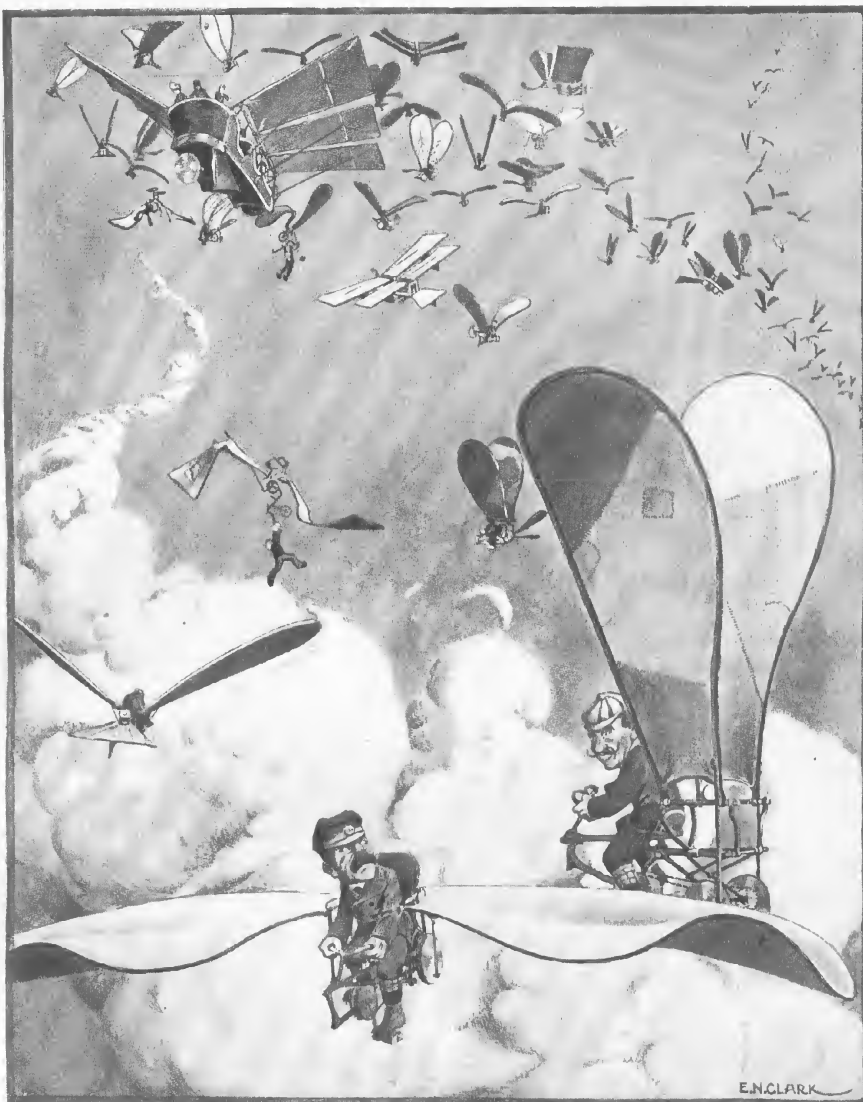
McCready Sykes.

The March of Progress.

WE have hunched forward for another gain in our progress from republican simplicity to imperial splendor. The trucks and cruising cabs are to be driven out of Fifth Avenue, to leave more room for the carriages of the importunate rich. Cargoes of railroad iron, timbers, trusses, telegraph poles and other evidences of the industrial activity of our honest working people must proceed obscurely hereafter up Madison Avenue or down Sixth. It has been a long time coming. Democratic sentiment bucked hard against it, but when a Democratic Mayor garnished our streets with municipal cavalry wearing the caps of effete Europe, it did not take a seventh son to foresee that the unrestricted use



THE POET ONE DAY WROTE A SONNET
 IN PRAISE OF HIS LADY-LOVE'S BONNET,—
 SAID SHE: "IT'S ABSURD!
 WHY, THERE'S NEVER A WORD
 OF THE PRICE OF THE BONNET—DOG-GONE IT!"



CRITICAL

John: SAY, THAT GUY WITH THE MEGAPHONE ON THE "SEEING THE UNIVERSE" CAR MAKES ME WEARY.

of New York's finest street could not much longer be saved to all of the people.

For our part we confess to being glad the trucks have been evicted. It ought to have been done long ago, but has been delayed on sentimental grounds, until relief became absolutely indispensable. The principle of the greatest good of the greatest number must rule in the regulation of street traffic, and the application of that principle in the streets of New York by Mr. McAdoo's horse-cops is a grateful sight. New York, better regulated and better

equipped, grows more comfortable. The Subway is an inexpressible boon, and makes us all hospitable to the idea of the forty million dollars' worth of supplementary subways that Engineer Parsons has planned.

PARKE: How much did your auto cost you?

LANE: A thousand.

"Why, I thought you were going to get a ten-thousand-dollar one."

"I was. But that was before my wife handed in a list of the clothes she wanted to wear in it."



GOLF AT FROGVILLE.

Directions for Running an Automobile.



ONE of the first things required of the genuine automobilist is that he mustn't know anything about it. And the second is like unto the first, which is that a man should disregard his neighbor as much as he loves himself. These things being understood in the beginning, your standing among the fraternity is assured.

Here are, in addition, a few minor matters that need attention:

When you start out, be sure that your mixture is correct: Put about five gallons of 76 gasoline into your tank, and add to this a couple of highballs for yourself. You will be surprised how much better the machine will run.

Upon the extreme care and minuteness with which you examine your auto before starting out will depend the almost absolute certainty of breaking down. Don't miss anything, therefore, from the steering apparatus to the spark plug.

One of the greatest things about automobiling is the way it trains the senses. By practice you will get so that you can pass through the most beautiful scenery without being aware of it, thus acquiring that superb concentration necessary. And you will soon be able to detect any unusual smell and locate it at once.

Be sure and buy the most complete set of tools known, and then, before starting out, take from them the one tool you will most certainly need, and leave it carefully behind you. After a while this will become second nature, so that you won't even have to think about it.

Remember, that to keep your auto in the best condition, you must lubricate it constantly. To do this successfully, use, say, one-half as much cylinder oil on the machinery as you use on yourself. By and by you can tell by the way you feel whether everything is in good running shape or not.

Do not be discouraged if your carburetter gives out, your batteries lay down on you, your connecting-rod refuses to connect, or you are confronted by a missing link in your chain. You are, of course, able to support yourself in luxury and discomfort, or you wouldn't have a motor car, anyway; so remember, that many a man who has more money than you has had the same things happen to him.

Always carry with you the St. James version of the Bible. For your purpose it is far better than the revised version. The expressions are more terse.

And finally, when you have anything happen to you, keep it secret from the presence of your enemies. But when you lie, lie openly—just as if you believed it yourself.

Must Be.

"IS that plant hardy?"

"Oh, yes. I've had it in my Harlem flat all winter."



WRONG DIRECTION.

Automobilist: NINE MILES TO NEW YORK! WHY, IT MUST BE TWENTY MINUTES AGO THAT A MAN UP THE ROAD SAID IT WAS ONLY RIGHT.

"WAL, I RECKON YOU KIN WALK A MILE IN TWENTY MINUTES, CAN'T YE?"

Easy.

MRS. S., having been greatly annoyed by the necessity of frequent stops while driving in her new automobile, demands of her chauffeur the cause of the trouble. On his stating that "the front cylinder has been missing ever since leaving home," she angrily inquires: "Why didn't you go back and get it?"

Paper.

THE fact that forty-two tons of paper (see literary journals) were used in getting out the first edition of Marie Corelli's new book is not, of course, without importance, yet it is not the last word. There is still something lacking.

What proportion of this paper was used up in margins, chapter headings and mere pictures?

For the rest, what part was filled with dialogue, and what with solid matter?

Until these questions are authoritatively answered, the critical will naturally withhold their suffrages. Forty-two tons of paper raise a strong presumption in Miss Corelli's favor, but withal falls short of furnishing the secure basis for a final judgment as to her place in literature.



SUBMARINE JUSTICE.

Octopoliceman: MAY IT PLAZE YER HONOR, 'TIS TH' SAME OULD OFFINSE—SCORCHIN' IN THEIR WATERMOBILE AT TH' RATE OF FORTY KNOTS A MINVIT.
Judge Walrus: SIX MONTHS ON LAND.

Football Is Indispensable.



WE have four embarrassing national possessions—the Monroe Doctrine, the Tariff, the Philippines and the Game of Football. They are all very troublesome, but of none of them can we let go. There is continual grumbling about football, but what does it avail so long as football brings in the money on which nearly all the other forms of college athletics subsist? Football is the hard-working rich uncle of all the little impecunious athletics, the milk-can for all the infant athletic industries. It has got to work for gate-money, or there will be destitution in the college athletic

family—no sweaters, medals and photographs for the earnest workers, no new grounds for the scrub and minor teams, no paid coaches for anybody, no anything but mere play, except, perhaps, for the baseball teams, whose opportunities are such that they can earn their own money. Let us stop thinking so much about football as a game, and think of it more as a laborious form of benefaction, even though we realize that the great danger of benefactions is the chance of pauperizing folks, or industries, that could struggle along on their own legs if they had to, and would be better off if they did.

Status.

“WHAT’S the matter with Lawson?”
 “He’s all write.”

Gradations.

SINCE she was twenty 'tis proven well
 The way that the scales will jump;
 She weighed one hundred and sixty pounds,
 Described by her friends as plump.

She came to thirty, as mortals will,
 And after those years had flown
 She weighed one hundred and sixty pounds,
 As “embonpoint” she was known.

It then developed, as time went on,
 She came to forty, whereat
 She weighed one hundred and sixty pounds,
 Described by her friends as fat.

McLamburgh Wilson.

Takes Time.

“WHAT do you think of Wagner’s simple life?”

“Think it’s a good thing for people who have time to practice it.”



"FAINT HEART NE'ER WON FAIR LADY."



WHEN JULIA NOTES.

(Two Points of View.)

I.—That of a too susceptible rhymester, who affects the seventeenth century.

When in her motor Julia goes,
How soft the air that round her blows,
Just ruffling on her forehead fair
The golden tendrils of her hair!
Bright as the Dawn's first rosy streak,
Blushes through ganzy clouds her cheek.
The roguish Loves in eager flight
Are snared within the tangles light
Of filmy scarf that fluttering floats
When Julia notes.

The Goddess in her dove-drawn car
Less fleet than Julia is by far.
My lady's chariot hath no need
Of peacocks, doves, or prancing steed.
Upon a wheel her slender hand
She lays, and swift at her command
It flashes forward like the wind;
The Gazer turns to look behind;
"Dea in Machina," he misquotes,
When Julia notes.

Thus like a conqueror, proud and gay,
She drives on her triumphal way,
And binds, despite my foud appeals,
Me captive to her chariot wheels;
While Cupid o'er my anguish gloats,
When Julia notes.

II.—That of the twentieth-century realist.

When in her motor Julia goes,
What snut begrimes her pretty nose!
How rough and out of curl her hair!
Her eyes through owl-like goggles glare.
Her heralds are the hideous shriek
Of horn and petrol's noisome reek.
We see approach a shapeless fright,
With head in duster tied up tight,
Arrayed in baggies of coats,
When Julia notes.

The scorcher, in his racing car,
Less rash than Julia is by far!
Through streets and lanes at topmost speed
She loves to dash, and takes no heed
Of regulation or command;
But, scorning those who bid her stand,

Flies onward, fearing to be fined,
And leaves a cloud of dust behind.
We sputter, gasp, and clear our throats,
When Julia notes.

Thus, to the wayfarer's dismay,
She rushes on her reckless way,
And crushes, careless of their squeals,
The dogs and hens beneath her wheels;
Her number the policeman notes,
When Julia notes.

—London Truth.



THE CZAR HAS THE NIGHTMARE.

—Wahre Jacob.

HE SAVED THE KITTEN.

It was only a tiny kitten of maltese and white tints, which had wandered from its home to explore the earth, as kittens will; and now, cold and wet, had sought shelter from the snow under a step, with no less than five small boys and two fox terriers inspecting it.

The boys poked it with their fingers and the fox terriers barked at it, going within four or five inches of its tiny claws and then backing away, delighted at the pluck which made the atom attempt to defend itself.

It was a kitten with what girls call "cute" ways, and it made such an attractive picture of self-defense, with its arched back and fluffy tail, that a young man sauntering up the street with a girl stopped to gaze.

"Whose kitten is it?" he asked the largest of the boys, taking a stick out of that young person's hands with which he was diligently adding to the troubles of the strayer.

"It hasn't any home," replied the youngster. "Seems to me to be lost."

The young man hesitated a moment. Then he picked up the small furry animal, wiped off its feet with his handkerchief, and put it in the big pocket of his smart overcoat.

The girl with him looked on aghast. "What will you do with it at Mrs. Blank's tea?" she demanded.

"Have the maid take it into the kitchen to keep warm. I'm going to take it home with me after that. I couldn't rest easy in my bed if I left as young an animal out all night," responded this knightly youth; and then he went on up Charles street, with the mischievous face of the kitten peeping out of his pocket, to the great amusement of the populace.—Baltimore News.

THE VERNACULAR OF YOUTH.

This is the conversation that took place between the girl with the two-story pompadour and the girl with the aeroplane hat, on the Wentworth-avenue car:

"Seer, Jen!"

"Watcha wanta me?"

"Wanta askeesumpin. Ooze cumminout choir house t'moranight?"

"Awquitcherfoolin!"

"Aintafoolin. Oozacummin?"

"Awka moff. Ainnobodycummin."

"Inobettern that."

"Betchadollar thaint."

"Betchadollar thiz."

"Awka moff!"

"Seer, Jen! Joomeentellme Imalyre?"

"Srite. Ooze binasnfim yuh?"

"Noboddishbinasnfimme. Ino wottimatawkina bout."

"Awka moff! Nothininnit allsame."

"Sawl overtown."

"Wotsawlovertown?"

"Jouchooantonijackson."

"Oozee?"

"Core shoo don't know!"

"Core si don't."

"Betchadoo."

"Say! Juno Lilsimmons?"

"Bettidoo. Ullo! Ear sware Iga toff."

"Well, g'by!"

"G'by!"—Chicago Tribune.

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